

Letters to Fred

by kmb007

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Summary: While battling depression from the loss of his twin, George decides to write to him. Warning: mention of attempted suicide.

Letters to Fred

**\*\*Challenge: \*\*2nd Annual Triwizard Tournament, Stage 2.**

**\*\*Prompt: \*\*Post War depression threatening to pull a character under.**

\* \* \*

><p>I can't even look in mirrors anymore, because I see you instead of me. The first time I walked by one after the war I had to do a double take. Obviously I knew that it was me, not just because of the missing ear, but for some reason I saw you and not me. That's when I decided that all of the mirrors had to go. I removed most of them by magic, but on the days that I was at my worst, I accrued a lot of bad luck by smashing them in. I'd say that I'll have at least 49 years of bad luck, unless I decide to meet you sooner.<p>

As far as that issue goes, I've only thought about it twice. Once was right after the war, when it had finally sunk in. I had gone back to the shop and took a handful of those new skiving snack box pills we were working on- the ones that slow down your heart rate enough to warrant a trip to the hospital wing, and put you in an hour long "coma" to help you catch up on your sleep. Luckily (or unluckily, I haven't decided yet), Harry had come over to check up on me and to see if I needed any help with the store. He saw me lying on the floor and stuffed the other side of the pills in my mouth. He lectured me after I woke up and asked how I could do that to mum and everyone else. I was mad at the time, but he's right.

The second time was just a thought and I didn't react to it in the

same way. I instead asked Harry to come over and help me restock, and he helped me talk it out. He's actually the one who suggested that I write all these feelings out, so here I am. I don't want to die, I want to live. But I want you to live, too. I know that I am being foolish and that there is no way that you can ever come back, though I haven't given up the hope that you will return to Hogwarts as a ghost... That may or may not ever happen, but I am not going to give up on it. On you. Surely you want to come back and cause havoc on the school? You'd give Peeves a run for his money.

I'm better now, I promise, at least when it comes to that. But I vow that I will live my life to it's fullest, if not for myself but for you. I've created some of the things we have always talked about. I've improved a lot of our old items as well. The nosebleed nougats no longer make the user bleed until the second pill is taken. I figured that an hour of bleeding was enough, thanks to that incident in our seventh year.

Harry has started coming by daily. At first he said that he was checking on his investment, but I think that he is getting bored of Auror training. Since the battle, the Ministry has really cracked down and is now requiring thorough training, including hours and hours of training "videos" (whatever those are, Hermione introduced them to Kingsley, and he is obsessed). He is actually pretty good at creating this stuff. I mean, he's no Weasley Twins, but he'll do. A load more better than Ron, who dropped a whole box of Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder. Needless to say, we took the rest of the day off.

Damn, I miss you.

\* \* \*

><p>[Five years after the Battle of Hogwarts]<p>

Just because I haven't written in this thing for ages, doesn't mean that a day has gone by that I haven't thought of you. More so lately, as each May rolls around. Also, funny bit of news here, but I got married. Yes, you know her, and I hope that you'd approve. Angelina and I got married last year on 2nd May. It was actually Angelina's idea, and took me a bit to come around, but I was so tired of that day being a day of mourning and depression. Anyways, I've decided to write today because, well, this day is going to be getting a lot more positive. Angelina and I are having a baby. No really, right now. We are at St. Mungo's and she is in labor. It's taking a while, so here I am writing to pass the time. I love you, brother, and I wish that you were here to share this day with me.

\* \* \*

><p>No wonder it took so long. It's a boy, so naturally he's as stubborn as us Weasley men can be. Fred, I never thought that I could love someone as much as I love these two. They have brought so much light into my life. One look at my son and my heart began to mend. It will never fully be healed, not until you and I are reunited, but it isn't the gaping hole it once was. Now there is a Fred Weasley waiting for me on the other side and a Fred Weasley here on earth. I hope you don't mind, but we've made him your namesake. Mum lost it when we told her. She's already knitted him an 'F' sweater for next Christmas, and has been holding him for the last hour, not letting

anyone else have a chance.<p>

I think this will be the last time I write, brother. I need to not dwell on the past, even though a big portion of myself died back when you did. I have a family to take care of now, and they need all of me. Love you, and I'll see you on the other side.

\* \* \*

><p>[11 years later]<p>

I know I said I'd never write again, but I just received an owl from little Fred. It's his first year at Hogwarts, and he wants to know why there is a ghost that looks like me but that has a sweater that matches his own. Keep an eye on him, brother, AND DO NOT EVER TEACH HIM ANY OF THE STUFF YOU USED TO DO! (Sorry about that, Angelina had to have a word with you, but please heed her advice)...

...

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Okay, she's gone. You know what to do.

-George.

End  
file.